

CARNEGIE

Magazine



CHATEAU D'AMBOISE

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The African-Congo Economy



Copper cross and other types of "money" used in the early Congo civilization. On exhibit at Carnegie Museum.

PERHAPS the civilization of the Congo should not be called an economy at all. Its practices were extremely simple; and barter, for the most part, took the place of currency.

What money there was consisted of copper crosses and odd, anchor-shaped pieces, such as those illustrated here. The crosses served as "wife-money" and were used in the purchase of a bride. The "anchors" were sometimes exchanged for cattle—when the buyer and seller could not agree on barter terms—but had no fixed value.

Compare this type of money with the complexity of coins, paper money, checks and credit instruments required by our economy today. Our monetary system and modern banking services have reached their present state of development in response to the basic financial needs of today's society.

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Calendar of Events

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE

4400 FORBES STREET, PITTSBURGH 13, PENNSYLVANIA

TUESDAYS 10:00 A.M. TO 10:00 P.M.

OTHER WEEKDAYS 10:00 A.M. TO 5:00 P.M.

FINE ARTS GALLERIES AND COMMUNITY CHEST EXHIBIT OPEN TO 10:00 P.M., WEEKDAYS
SUNDAYS 2:00 TO 6:00 P.M.

CAFETERIA OPEN FOR VISITORS TO THE BUILDING

LUNCHEON 11:00 A.M. TO 2:00 P.M., WEEKDAYS EXCEPT THANKSGIVING

SNACK BAR: 2:00 TO 7:00 P.M., WEEKDAYS; 2:00 TO 5:30 P.M., SUNDAYS

DINNER 6:00 TO 8:00 P.M., TUESDAYS AND THURSDAYS EXCEPT THANKSGIVING

(TELEPHONE DINNER RESERVATIONS TO MA 1-7300, EXT. 56)

CARNEGIE LIBRARY OF PITTSBURGH

WEEKDAYS 9:00 A.M. TO 9:00 P.M.

REFERENCE SERVICES UNTIL 10:00 P.M., WEEKDAYS

SUNDAYS 2:00 TO 6:00 P.M., REFERENCE SERVICES ONLY

Institute and Library open to the public every day without charge

SATURDAY AFTERNOON FOR THE CHILDREN

from six years, up

STORY HOUR

2:00 P.M., at the Library

November 4—THE LAD AND THE NORTH WIND
PEPE AND THE PARROT

November 11—THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN
THE RAT PRINCESS

November 18—LIVING IN W'ALES
CHICK, CHICK, HALF-CHICK

MOVING PICTURES

2:30 P.M., in Lecture Hall

November 4—ORCHID FOR MR. JORDAN
(Story of stainless steel.)
LEGEND OF PIPED PIPER
LOST CHICK

November 11—WINTER CARNIVAL
MEXICO

November 18—SILKS AND SULKIES
GREECE: ON MEDITERRANEAN SHORES
NORTH TO HUDSON BAY

November 25—(No stories or pictures scheduled)

TAM O'SHANTERS

One of the four annual visitors' days of the Tam O'Shanter sketching class comes Saturday, November 4. Guests are urged to be seated in the Music Hall before 10:00 A.M., when the lesson begins. Parents and members of Carnegie Institute Society invited.

CHATEAU D'AMBOISE

The *Chateau d'Amboise* by Henri de Waroquier, reproduced on the cover, is one of the 360 paintings in the 1950 Pittsburgh International, and one of 52 in the French section.

The *Chateau d'Amboise*, presented in the painting so forcefully and with such emphasis on the recessed planes and various heights of its buildings, was a royal residence of France under Charles VII. A castle is known to have existed on the site from A.D. 496. It is situated on the corner of a rocky plateau between the Loire and Amasse. Its lofty terrace is supported by thick walls flanked by two formidable bastions, each of which is ascended by a vaulted spiral incline, of a slope gentle enough for a carriage. Since 1872 the Orléans family have used the castle as a retreat for their aged retainers.

The artist, Henri de Waroquier, was born in Paris in 1881. While a student at the Collège Rollin, he became interested in painting. He took the architectural course of Charles Genuys at the Ecole des Arts Decoratifs, and the influence of this training shows in the *Chateau d'Amboise* and in many other paintings of de Waroquier. The artist was represented in the Internationals of 1922-39.

BEQUESTS—In making a will, money left to Carnegie Institute, Carnegie Institute of Technology, or Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh should be covered by the following phrase: I do hereby give and bequeath to (Carnegie Institute) or (Carnegie Institute of Technology) or (Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh) in the City of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Dollars

MEMORIALS—Carnegie Institute is prepared to receive contributions given by friends in memory of deceased persons in lieu of floral tribute, and to notify the deceased's family of such gift. The amount of the contribution will not be specified unless requested by the donor.

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TUESDAY EVENING SERIES

Music Hall, 8:15 P.M.

Admission only by Carnegie Institute Society membership card, until 8:10 P.M.

Hall opened to nonmembers at 8:10 P.M.

November 7—SCOTLAND

Austen West's pictures of yon bonnie banks and braes, one of his "Enchanted Road" travelogues, may be considered a tribute to the Institute's founder.

November 14—TRUTH AND BEAUTY IN MODERN ART
Gordon B. Washburn, the new director of fine arts at the Institute, will make his first official appearance before the Society membership.

November 21—FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE NILE
Count Byron de Prorok will take his audience on a tour of Morocco, the Atlas Mountains, the Sahara, Tunisia, Carthage, Libya, the Nile.

November 28—SHEEP, STARS, AND SOLITUDE
Francis R. Line's film-poem tells of the annual forty-day migration of sheep herds in the spring from the deserts of Arizona to lush meadows high in the Rocky Mountains.

THE AMERICAN ARTIST SERIES

Lecture Hall, 8:15 P.M.

(Admission fee)

November 8—BACH ARIA GROUP (Postponed)

November 15—LOUIS BROMFIELD

The well-known author, farmer, conservationist, and dog-lover, with a background of France and Ohio, will again be welcomed by a Pittsburgh audience.

THE INTERIOR DESIGNER SPEAKS

Lecture Hall, 8:15 P.M.

(Admission fee)

November 22—GEORGE NELSON

Architect in the modern manner, Mr. Nelson will discuss his theories and tell of Holiday House, a recent venture designed by him and sponsored by *Holiday* magazine.

SUNDAY ORGAN RECITALS

MUSIC HALL, 4:00 TO 5:00 P.M.

Marshall Bidwell's Sunday recitals provide a peaceful hour of organ music that is most soothing in a time of war and rumors, politics, strikes, and general confusion.

On November 12 Dr. Bidwell's program will be patriotic in mood, including *The Star-Spangled Banner*, Weber's *Jubilee Overture*, Gaul's *Chant for Dead Heroes*, Sousa's *Washington Post March*, and a medley of the songs of 1918.

On the 26th, a Thanksgiving feast will include Handel's *Thanks Be To Thee*; *We Gather Together* by Kremser; *Nun Danket Alle Gott*, Bach's adaptation of an old Lutheran chorale; *Capriccio: The Chase* by Fumagalli; and a chorus from the *Bach Cantata 67*.

The Sunday organ recitals are sponsored by the Arbuckle-Jamison Foundation.

1950 PITTSBURGH INTERNATIONAL

The first international exhibition of art in this hemisphere since World War II continues in the fine arts galleries throughout this month. The exhibit includes 360 paintings, of which 252 are by European artists.

Visitors may vote for their choice to receive the Popular Prize of \$200 during the two-week period beginning November 26.

For discussion of the exhibition and the prize paintings, by Director Emeritus Homer Saint-Gaudens, turn to page 474.

COMMUNITY CHEST

The photo display, *People in Pictures*, telling how Community Chest agencies meet the needs of Pittsburghers, carries an emotional appeal that is practically guaranteed to make you double your contribution this year. The exhibit continues at the Museum through this month.

TYRANNOSAURUS REX

The final of three colorful and authentic murals of prehistoric scenes by Ottmar F. von Fuchrer may be seen in Dinosaur Hall. It features a life-size painting of *Tyrannosaurus rex* in the flesh, so to speak. Confronting the mural is the fossil *Tyrannosaurus rex* Osborn, which was taken from the Hell Creek Beds in Montana by the American Museum of Natural History and presented to Carnegie Museum by Dr. George H. Clapp.

CURRENT AMERICAN PRINTS

Lithographs, etchings, engravings, serigraphs, and woodcuts selected from the eighth annual Pennell exhibition of prints at the Library of Congress last summer, which presents work of American artists during 1949-50, are on display this month on the balcony of the Hall of Sculpture.

BETTER ROOMS DESIGNS

Rendered drawings by architects and interior decorators from this year's Better Rooms Designs contest sponsored by *Chicago Herald Tribune* will be on display in the hallway of the Carnegie Library through the month.

PRE-SCHOOL STORY HOUR

Boys and Girls Room, Carnegie Library

Tuesday, November 14 and 28, 10:30 A.M.

With talks for the mothers at the same time.

November 14—BOOKS MEN LIKE

By Anthony Martin

November 28—BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

by Margaret Griffin

ON THE AIR

Saturdays, 10:00 A.M., WWSW—JUNIOR MUSIC HALL
Marshall Bidwell plays light classical music on the Music Hall organ, with Art Pallan as commentator.

Mondays, 2:15 P.M., WCAE—LET'S TELL A STORY
Wednesdays, 2:15 P.M., WCAE—NATURE STORIES
Programs for the primary grades are produced by WCAE in co-operation with the public schools and the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh.

From far Places

"**T**HERE she blows"... this cry of the whaleman, sung-out by the lookout aloft at the masthead, has echoed across the oceans of the world. A spout of scalding vapor, soaring twenty feet into the icy air, signalled a nearby school or maybe a solitary whale.

- Then men went down into boats—small craft equipped with oars and sometimes a sail—armed with harpoons and lances, to pit their cunning against this leviathan of the sea.

- It was a mighty battle in which the enraged whale—a harpoon embedded two feet deep in its blubber—sounded to the bottom, surfaced and thrashed the waters with tremendous flukes, then circled in a flurry as its strength gave out.

- Boats were stove in and overturned. Sometimes a whale tore off across the ocean on a "Nantucket sleighride," and the crew was never heard from again. Whaling took nerve and brawn and brain. The men who played this monster, like a sportsman with a fish, were a race apart.

- Voyages were long—as much as four years sometimes—and ports were few. There were months of monotony between the excitement of the catch. Discipline was often brutal and diversions rare. But on his off hours many a whaler, with a long memory of home, etched familiar portraits and places on whale's teeth or jaw bones.

- Delicately his weathered fingers incised the polished ivory with a sailmaker's needle or a jackknife. Then the surface was rubbed with cuttlefish fluid until the design stood out dark against the gleaming surface.



Heinz Collection . . . Carnegie Institute

- Scrimshaw work was a man's art, essentially vigorous in its appeal. Some of the patterns were crude and vital scenes of the sea, some were political epics, some remarkable records of strange lands and foreign cultures.

- But the principal theme was woman . . . the women that were left behind. And there is, in the fair lines and delicate grace of these portraits, the yearning of all men everywhere who have been too long away from home.

- Now, wherever Americans travel, the international 57 Varieties are a reminder of good familiar things like old-fashioned, homestyle cooking.

THESE DAYS

BY HOMER SAINT-GAUDENS

Director Emeritus of Fine Arts at Carnegie Institute



THIS is the first of the new series of Internationals and the last I stage for you. It opens its doors to a world of painting different from that of the year 1921, when I left the theatre behind me

to come to Carnegie Institute. Tone was the quality to be emphasized then, when Ernest Lawson took First Prize with his *Vanishing Mist*. Today, neither here nor abroad, are we in an age of pictorial renaissance, but in an era of exploration; an era of a few new ideas and of many defeated hopes. Today the greater part of painting, in unsteady balance, aims at what is nervous, what is animated. It is occupied in revolutionizing form to take our minds off reality. Its fastidious proponents claim that such a condition does not indicate a decline, but rather an improvement, representing a more complex imagination. The truth of the matter is that, after all, art reflects the various emotional trends that bubble up in the world's imaginative currents. When the social order is dominated by a great religious urge such as that which surged through Europe in the Middle Ages, or by the state, as during the years of Louis XIV, art flows in one strong stream. Now, however, since there is no major channel guiding us in our conduct of life, art spreads in many eddies. This show gives you a glimpse of these vagaries of taste.

It has been easy to choose the leading painters in each of the swirls. It has not been too difficult to avoid those who are weak. When it comes to sorting out the great fair-to-middling level, there is the rub. I only pray that I have not created too much injustice. Perhaps someone else will learn how to make his exit from the wrong studio gracefully without picking a picture. I have never succeeded. Then again, most adolescent geniuses insist that their varied perfections of pictorial esthetics should receive nine-tenths of our exhibition space. That is because the younger

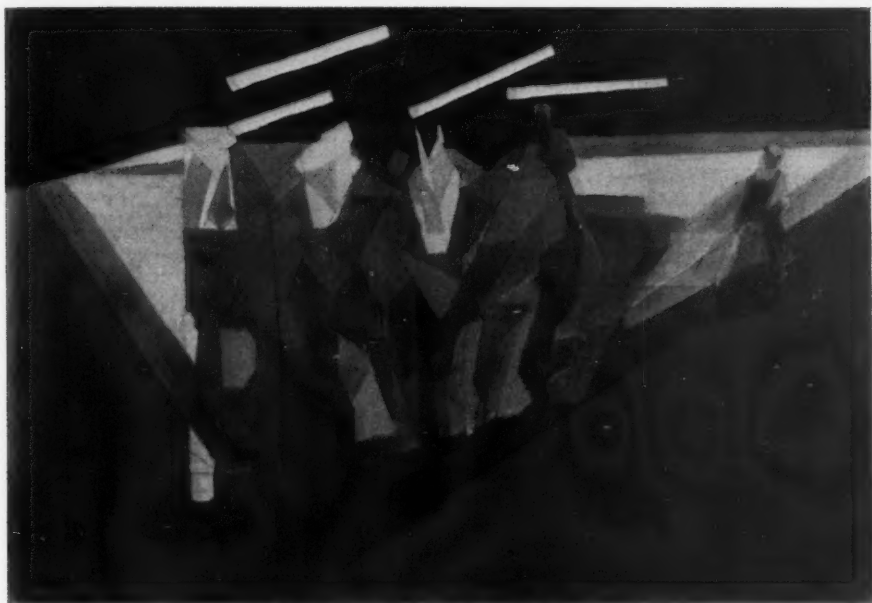
and brighter lights are impatient of trammels in their search for hidden dynamite. Naturally they are upset when so much of the dynamite remains hidden.

Years ago Degas was asked what to do to encourage art. He replied, "Discourage the artist." By the same token I believe that the best of art is obtained when youth is strong enough to tap its own way out of its shell. After all, Franklin Watkins won his place for himself here in just that manner with his *Suicide in Costume* in 1931. So did Peter Blume with *South of Scranton* in 1934. Dali I just fell over away back in 1928 in the little town of Figueras, Spain.

To give you a well-digested notion of what latter-day painting is up to, I will first review the canvases which won our prizes and then turn to the paintings by the four men who worked on our Jury. The combined result represents the many varieties of this art that is the most elusive, the most demanding of all branches of esthetics.



JUNE BOUQUET by LÉON DEVOS
Allegheny County Garden Club Prize of \$300



THE THRESHER BY JACQUES VILLON
First Prize of \$2000

This year's choice of awards was eclectic, to say the least. Jacques Villon won our First Prize with *The Thresher*. Villon is the brother of Marcel Duchamp, who aroused so much conversation with his *Nude Descending a Staircase* in the New York Armory Show back in 1913. Villon is greatly revered in Paris as a leader of advanced painting. His work is the epitome of advanced preciousity. In fact, one of Villon's virtues, especially charming in the eyes of our Jury, is his delicate color, thereby bringing up the rarely-mentioned point that there is no way of proving that all of us see color alike. We are taught from childhood that one color is called yellow; another red; another green. But no one knows whether what to me is one shade of yellow appears as the same shade of yellow in the eyes of my neighbor. All of which makes delights in color harmonies a basis for variegated opinions.

Next, Lyonel Feininger's painting *Houses by the River* won Second Prize. I have been bringing Feininger paintings to you for years, first from Berlin, now from New York. An American he is, not naturalized but genuine, though one who liked the

Berlin way of life before the Nazis and World War II. A gentle man, he presents a restful escape from a shaken world to those who admire his technical display of line and form and cadence of color.

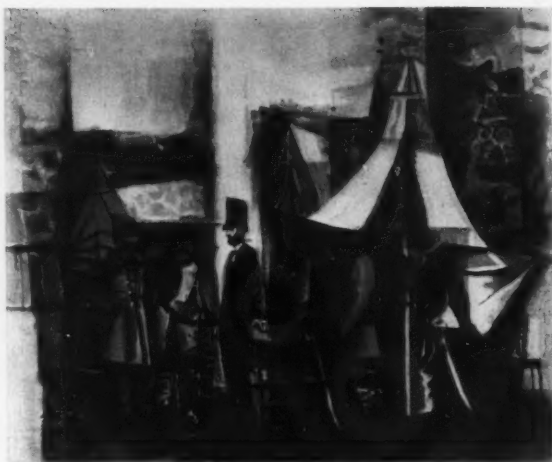
Whereat, just to show you that art is not a one-man job, we meet up with the Third Prize by way of Priscilla Roberts' *Self-Portrait*. It looks just like her, at work in her room in the Sherwood Studios. No intellectual perversities exist here. She is a New York City painter of contemporary veracity, and the best of her type. She composes and polishes her craftsmanship and color with imagination. Her results are tangible records of things sympathetically seen.

You are probably perplexed and ruffled by this hop, skip, and jump from abstraction to realism. It is a compliment to the Jury's breadth of outlook. Evidently they thought there was as much reason for diversified painting as there is for diversified furniture. I agree. In our place up in New Hampshire we have straight Colonial tables and beds, chairs and sideboards, mostly bought by Mother sixty years ago. Our flat here in Pittsburgh is set with mixed

sixteenth-century Italian and Spanish, more or less genuine pieces, plus a couple of seventeenth-century French tapestries. Or again, think of music. When I was a boy, the cognoscenti following Wagner and Verdi hurled opprobrious epithets at one another. Last winter in the Metropolitan Opera in New York I heard both *Die Meistersinger* and *La Traviata*. I prefer *Traviata*, but I sat in silence through *Die Meistersinger* so as not to prove offensive to an appreciative Wagnerian audience.

Now we take up our Honorable Mentions and the Garden Club Prize, giving us another seesaw between abstraction and realism.

Frank Duncan won the First Honorable Mention with *A Condition at Antietam*. There exists an old Brady photograph of Lincoln standing in front of a group of Federal Army tents talking to General McClellan and his staff. Duncan rearranged this theme after his own manner to give his friends an intriguing reaction. This is complicated. So is a Bach fugue, to me. So was professional baseball to my English and French jurymen. But it is these very complications which make art in-



A CONDITION AT ANTIETAM BY FRANK DUNCAN
First Honorable Mention of \$400

triguing. If you or the man next to you gets a kick out of the answer, stay the nine innings. If the convolutions bore you, go home.

Next we come to the Parisian, Jean Bazaine, with his *Gare Maritime*, which won Second Honorable Mention. I would have no better luck in trying to explain that nonobjective canvas to you than I had trying to explain the title in a style short enough for our catalogue. *Gare Maritime* means a railroad station out on the end of a quay in a harbor where big ships dock.

Then we meet up with the Cape Cod painter, Karl Knaths, whose *Provincetown Jam-boree* won Third Honorable Mention. We have often hung Knaths' canvases on the walls of our fall shows. His painting *Gear* won First Prize in our American Exhibition in 1946. A serious man is Knaths. As a matter of fact, they are all serious, both jurymen and prize-winners. Knaths' painting is an impression of things on a fishing dock. Some of you, like Duncan Phillips, who owns that fine gallery in Washing-



THE PURIST BY IVAN LE LORRAINE ALBRIGHT
Fourth Honorable Mention of \$100

ton, feel that here is idealism and wisdom capitalized by experience. To others, Knaths' work is evidence of far-gone hallucinations. That is wrong. Think of food and drink. We in our land like coffee at breakfast. The English on their island like tea at any old time. Parisians like a Vermouth-Cassis outside of Fouquet's on the Champs Elysées. Again, thank goodness for varied likes. If all the classes and the masses tried to jam into one esthetic corner in this crowded world, solving parking problems would seem like an enjoyable vacation.

The Jury knew this when they provided food for another type of taste: witness the shift to Ivan Le Lorraine Albright's *The Purist*. Right away we have more fish,



HOUSES BY THE RIVER BY LYONEL FEININGER
Second Prize of \$1000

because my fishing aficionados tell me that a purist in fishing jargon is the man who will only catch his trout with a single dry fly. And this fact applies to the painter as well as to the picture, a well-developed confusion which properly won Fourth Honorable Mention. Albright through the years has proved again and again that a painter can be unique and still not a strain on our startled eyes.

So much for Carnegie Awards. One more prize, though, should claim your attention, a prize again generously given us by the Garden Club of Allegheny County for the best painting of flowers or gardens. It went to the Belgian, Léon Devos, for his *June Bouquet*. We have nineteen flower paintings in our show. The Jury centered on this one because of its form, its arrangement, its color. The emotional reaction given them, and they were varied in their tastes, as you have seen, was what counted.

They think differently and paint differently, do the members of our Jury of Award. Look when next you go into the galleries at *Sun and Rocks* by Charles Burchfield, a skillful eclectic, treading the middle of the road. It is impossible to express Burchfield's philosophy in words. I doubt whether he could do it himself. He makes no attempt to copy nature, but he uses actual forms to create a mood, just as in literature Shelley creates one in his *To a Skylark* or in music Beethoven creates several in his *Pastoral Symphony*. Burchfield simply gives certain men of taste a new emotional surge based on a workaday subject. Ask yourselves how you would



SELF-PORTRAIT BY PRISCILLA ROBERTS
Third Prize of \$800

feel if you had never before seen anything so commonplace as a worn-out landscape of sun, tree trunks, and rocks; because Burchfield's painting presents not the scene but the feeling Burchfield believes you might have if your eyes were opened suddenly on such a condition.

The other American juryman was Franklin Watkins. I have mentioned how, years ago, he woke art from its slumbers by winning our First Prize with his *Suicide in Costume*. Soon after I heard that Watkins was just as excited as the rest of us. For a little bird told me that he had to be filled up with aspirin to calm off his nerves. Though similar to Burchfield neither in technique nor in subject, Watkins resembles him greatly in philosophy, being a man who possesses an understanding of all schools and thereby works in many directions. Some of you will remember his substantial portrait of *Justice Roberts* here in our 1947 fall exhibition. Different is his present painting *Death*, a study for the murals for the music room of the McIlhenny house in Philadelphia.

Next I think of Marcel Gromaire, a trained and experienced French modernist. He has seen much and knows much. He approaches his world with reverence. He is neither flattered nor stimulated by so-called progress. He has studied nature minutely but, as you may see by his *Nude under a Tree*, like Burchfield, he does not imitate. He is not concerned primarily with nature. He is not interested in what a thing is, but in what a thing signifies. He places his insistence on pattern.

Just where and when the idea that good pictures are necessarily pretty pictures reared its silly little head, I do not know. Good paintings are born as a revelation of the immediate world as it appears to one of many points of view. Consequently, when Gromaire comprehends something beyond the grasp of certain others, they should not be too easily upset. They may be right within their limitations. Gromaire, too, may be right. Patience. It is this elusive quality which counts. Gromaire's work is effective because he is everlastingly searching for "What Is Art." He does not expect to solve that problem. He would agree with Stevenson, who once told my father that it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive.

Sir Gerald Kelly, whose portrait of *Her Majesty The Queen* is on our walls, is president of Great Britain's Royal Academy, thereby holding the highest recognized official position known in academic art. In his company are other good English portrait painters; men like Harold Knight, with his picture of

E. F. Hitchcock, and A. K. Lawrence with his *Pellegrina*. Lawrence, you may remember, spent quite a time in Pittsburgh before the war. These men have three needed qualities these days: imagination, taste, and technique. England is solid in contrast with Germany, which presents us with the revolutionary type of canvas. I credit this substantial quality to the weight of the Royal Academy, which in England has a proportionately greater influence than that of any other leading official group.



PORTRAIT OF PETER FREUCHEN
BY ROBERT BRACKMAN

E. F. Hitchcock, and A. K. Lawrence with his *Pellegrina*. Lawrence, you may remember, spent quite a time in Pittsburgh before the war. These men have three needed qualities these days: imagination, taste, and technique. England is solid in contrast with Germany, which presents us with the revolutionary type of canvas. I credit this substantial quality to the weight of the Royal Academy, which in England has a proportionately greater influence than that of any other leading official group.



PROVINCETOWN JAMBOREE BY KARL KNATHS

Third Honorable Mention of \$200

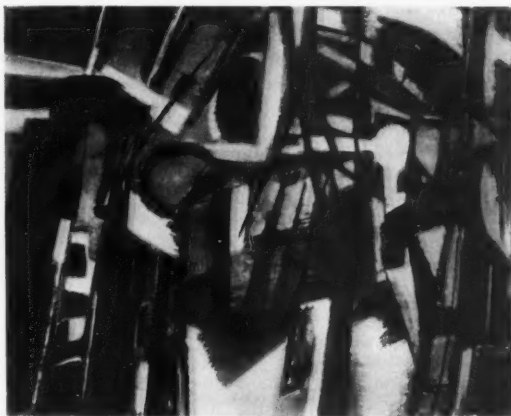
Kelly's opposite number in England is Graham Sutherland. For Sutherland's *Thorn Tree* represents the British none-too-loyal opposition. This opposition is fashionable, being represented in most of the picture shops in and about Bond Street. Therefore we must give that opposition its fair share of emphasis which, of course, is not as much as it wants. Sutherland might tell you that his phase of art aims to catch the essence of objects that interest him; that he likes landscapes and has tried to paraphrase the details of them. He says that he makes a kind of analogy between the form of their growth and the forms of the growth of other things. Therefore to Sutherland a tree form remains a tree form, but is also something else. In Sutherland's wake follow the Hitchens and the Pipers and the like. They run to intellect.

I have gathered that Kelly scarcely admires Sutherland's type of picture-making, and Sir Gerald can be emphatic in his beliefs as to what is needed to cure the world of its artistic headaches. Sometimes we differ, he and I. Sometimes we agree.

We agreed the other evening when we met up with Somerset Maugham, who appeared at a Museum of Modern Art cocktail party given in honor of Maugham's old friend Kelly. For Kelly nodded agreement when I told Maugham how much I admired a sentiment he once put in the mouth of one of his characters, a great pianist. Said she, "Art is the only thing that matters. In comparison with art, wealth and rank and power are not worth a row of pins. We are the only people who count. We give the world significance."

The four jurymen this year, then, distilled in their personalities and in

their prizes the varying artistic pros and cons. Each of them had confidence in his way of art. Each realized that, as in every other walk of life, the best is only arrived at when all varieties of opinion can be set forth without hindrance. Their choices were difficult to make, for to decide which is best of all the schools in our annual autumn madness, and which is the best of the best, the grand champion, as it were,



GARE MARITIME BY JEAN BAZAINE

Second Honorable Mention of \$300



THE ROCK BY PETER BLUME
Lent by Edgar Kaufmann, Jr.

has always posed a perplexing problem. Furthermore, we have invariably made those problems more difficult than they really were because, through the long years, we have been at pains to select juries evenly divided between Europe and the United States; juries whose tastes varied all the way from the right to the left. They have been grand occasions, those meetings, and they have taught me that whatever may have been my deficiencies as an art director, I have proved myself as a first-class maitre d'hotel.

Here, then, in Pittsburgh is represented what happens when you pass through the revolving door of latter-day painting. Clausewitz once wrote that war works like a vast machine against incredible friction. Perhaps it is just that way with today's art. Perhaps this is because, while there is really little to be said about art, we live in an era when it is fashionable to regard paintings, and paintings, and paintings, and to talk about paintings only in relation to paintings, each of us meticulously taking in other folks' verbal well-worn

laundry by way of picture patter quite aloof from the common touch. That is wrong. Easy does it. We should stop straining after extremes in the literary footsteps of those who cannot bear Sert's decorations in the Waldorf, but to whom Modigliani is wonderful, Modigliani is exciting. Art is a field for feelings, not learning. Were there only one kind of art in that field we would have pictorial despotism. Were there just two kinds of art we would have a fight. Fortunately there are many kinds of art. Therefore arid intellectual analysis of what ought to be an emotional stimulus just clutters up rightful reactions. Instead we need not columns of pseudo-literature, but men of good will to keep us from walking blindly, men like that wise old writer on the *New York Herald Tribune*, Royal Cortissoz. He maintained a respect for tradition, which, after all, does not fetter freedom but constitutes a framework that supports understanding. Remember the old saying, "Time respects nothing made without it."

I have preached you this closing sermon

because all I know picture-wise I have acquired empirically by living with artists, beginning in the studio with my father and later in the theatre when I worked for Maude Adams. Neither my father nor Miss Adams read or theorized about sculpture or acting. They simply did it. That is why I yearn to see paintings in relation to the world in which they were painted: yesterday's world of strong religious beliefs and overstuffed furniture; today's world of Red Smith's sporting articles and juke boxes and Park Avenue apartments trembling over railroad tracks. That is why I believe that the only way for the artist to paint properly or the layman to enjoy properly is to look. Quotations from "Men of Distinction" and movie stars state that this kind of whiskey or that kind of lipstick is better than some other kind. To ascertain the merits of the liquor or makeup, though, one must drink the liquor or smear on the grease paint. It is that way with art.

So I counsel those who long for a resurrected pictorial peace to stop reading about art and instead just go and gossip with the artists themselves. Visits to studios are far more rewarding than visits to dealers. Perhaps geniuses appear less frequently under north lights than in 57th Street galleries. Perhaps our picturemakers are just a normal run of good shad. But the best way to help them swim up their rapids to fame is to visit them. Artists love to chat, and

they are lonely. You will be welcomed by way of a cup of coffee or a whiskey soda, and you will not even have to buy a picture. Learning thus, if you still believe this or that painting would enhance some wall, even if it is not your own but perhaps Billy Rose's wall, give the canvas a chance. If you believe the painting would violate all walls, even the late Gertrude Stein's walls, vent a noiseless displeasure by writing letters to the Jury of Award, not to me. Our office will supply addresses.

Back in Venice last spring my wife called my attention to an earnest, badly-dressed, ageing lady being rowed in solitary grandeur along the Grand Canal while she read a guidebook. We decided that when she got back to the hotel she had learned all about Venice but had seen nothing.

Somewhat later, standing on a Piccadilly corner awaiting a taxi, our English representative, Arnold Palmer, introduced me to a little man, Michael Beary who, aged fifty, only a year ago had won a great English race, the St. Leger. Palmer told him that I liked to ride, liked to hunt. Naturally the three of us gossiped for a moment about the animals. As the cab drew up I remarked that anyhow I did not know a thing about horses. Whereat Michael gave me a sweet Irish grin and answered sadly, "Nobody knows anything about horses." That is right. And nobody knows anything about pictures.

Book Notes and Quotes

Compiled by ANN MACPHERSON

A man who loves his work is a man paid twice over.
—DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE
A Book of Hours

President Emeritus Henry Oliver Evans, of Western Pennsylvania Historical Society, and the author of *Steel Pioneer: Henry W. Oliver* calls attention to the source of the latest Hemingway title, *Across the River and Into the Trees*. It doubtless was suggested by Stonewall Jackson's last words: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

On November 13, a century ago, the beloved R.L.S. was born. In Clyde Brion Davis' *The Age of Indiscretion* there is a dramatic and delightful tribute to *Treasure*

Island. Stevenson's philosophy of life may be summed up in two typical quotations:

To be what we are, and to become what we are capable of becoming, is the only end of life.

If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books, and my food, and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain:—
Lord, thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake.

—Underwoods

FOUNDER'S DAY AT CARNEGIE

GENUINE enthusiasm for a public personality greeted Dwight D. Eisenhower when he appeared at Carnegie Music Hall the evening of October 19. The two thousand members of Carnegie Institute Society and special friends of the Institute, assembled in the Hall, rose to honor the Allied commander in Europe during World War II, now president of Columbia University, and applauded with pleasure, repeating their tribute at the close of his address.

The occasion was the fifty-fourth celebration of Founder's Day, followed by a preview of the 1950 Pittsburgh International Exhibition of Paintings in the art galleries, the first international art exhibit in this hemisphere since the War.

The brilliance of the evening, with leaders of the community present to honor a distinguished speaker, restored the status of Founder's Day to the prewar, predepression era. Many of the guests were wearing the formal and semiformal dress that is so decorative against the marble-and-gold background of the Institute halls, and the stream of men and women that flowed up the great, gleaming stairway for the art preview seemed truly Pittsburgh on parade.

Seated on the Music Hall platform with General Eisenhower were President James M. Bovard, who presided; Homer Saint-Gaudens, director emeritus of fine arts, who had organized the exhibition and announced the awards (see preceding article); Adolph W. Schmidt, representing The A. W. Mellon Educational and Charitable Trust, which makes possible this and two forthcoming biennial international art exhibits; Roy A. Hunt, chairman of the fine arts committee, and Augustus K. Oliver, senior member of the board of trustees; the Reverend Hugh S. Clark, chaplain of Canterbury House at Carnegie Institute of Technology; and the Honorable David L. Lawrence, mayor of the city and a trustee of the Institute.

Flags of the eleven nations represented in the art exhibit, together with the UN flag, brought color to the platform, which had been decorated with palms and ferns from neighboring Phipps Conservatory.



GENERAL EISENHOWER AND PRESIDENT BOVARD

Music by Marshall Bidwell on the great organ of Music Hall entertained the guests for a half hour preceding the program and for a short while afterwards, during the period while General Eisenhower, accompanied by Mr. Bovard, greeted the audience of six hundred in Lecture Hall, and of over two thousand seated in the Permanent Collection galleries.

General Eisenhower's address follows.

Five years ago the United States was the mightiest temporal power that had ever existed. There was none then who doubted our strength, the capacity of our people for any effort, any sacrifice. At the moment of victory over the Axis our leading position was unchallenged and our visible power was insurance against libel and slander.

Because we planned no world conquest, no enslavement of a weaker nation, no tyranny to be established by bombs and bullets, we demobilized our armies, our fleets of sea and air. Only later we learned—we sadly learned—that, in our zeal for peace and our confidence in the good faith

of all nations, we went too far and far too fast. We traded the confidence of the strong for the fears of the unready; prestige for abuse.

The enemies of freedom thereafter launched against us a persistent worldwide campaign of vilification. They strangled all voices friendly to us in the lands that lie under the communist doom. Where they could not stamp out friendship for America, they used every weapon in the totalitarian arsenal—short of war—to nullify our leadership.

For months lengthening into years the world has been deafened—and misled—by the charges that America, corrupted by the grossest materialism, the dupe of capitalistic exploitation, staggering into the ruin of financial exploitation, is attempting to recoup its fortunes by imperialistic expansion.

For the moment the din has somewhat subsided as our prestige has increased in the sacrifices of American fighting men and the victories won by them, joined with the men of the Korean Republic and the United Nations. But we know the pause is temporary. While it lasts, it is opportune to take stock of America, what threatens it, how it can be guarded against collapse or disaster. In this city, symbol of the American economy, such stocktaking is sharply apt.

Across the world Pittsburgh is known for smoke and steel. But Pittsburgh, too, stands for things that outlast monuments that rust or crumble. Smoke and steel; art and learning; Andrew Carnegie, the opportunities of our country and the great-heartedness of its people—for all these, Pittsburgh stands. And thereby it stands for America—the America whose leadership in the free world is as much a thing of mind and heart as of material sinew.

How did America attain that position? There is an immediate allegation, screamed by those of the totalitarian camp. They say America is the product of a capitalist conspiracy against those who toil. That answer is as false as ignorance, compounded with malice, can possibly make it. What is the truth?

In the story of Pittsburgh—symbol of the America that the totalitarians hate and fear even as they attempt to emulate its material achievements—in that story is

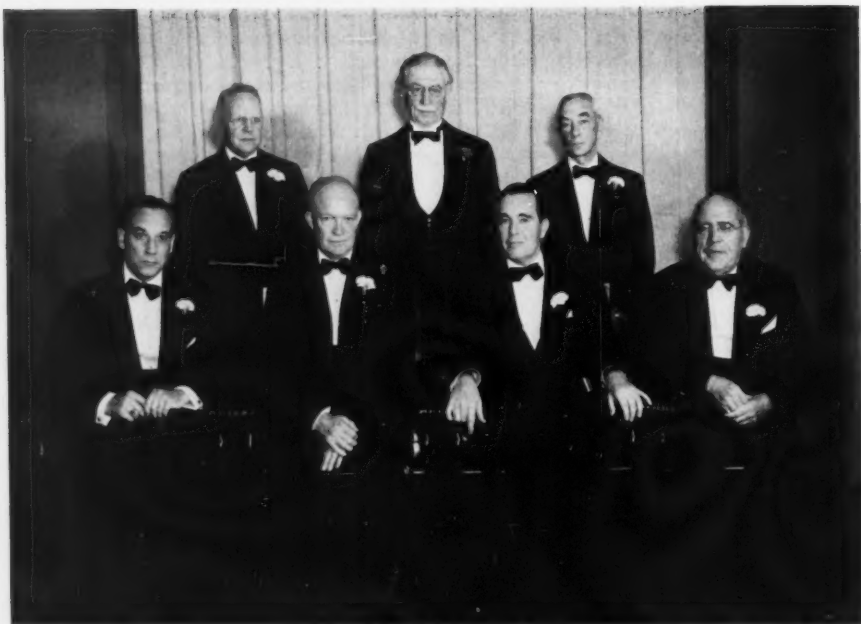
the true answer to America's world position. It is the story of many men, dedicated to a vision of greatness, each in his generation contributing labor and risk and sacrifice to the furtherance of the vision.

The first of them, one hundred and ninety-two years ago this evening, lay in the forest east of Laurel Hill at the head of his column aimed at Fort Duquesne. Five years before he had recognized in this wedge of land between the two rivers—wind-swept, dreary after the fall rains, uninhabited—the key to the Ohio Valley. And for five years George Washington had given freely of himself, without any assurance of honor or profit, that this triangle of land might be won for the American colonies.

After him to this place came men by the scores and then by the thousands. From every corner of the earth they came here. All the skills of humanity were pooled here. Growth was tumultuous. Inequities begot strife; the industrial revolution for a while outmarched the understanding of men. But, underlying all was the ideal of a community where free men, co-operating among themselves, rewarding effort and enterprise in just measure, seeking to improve the lot of each individual, guided by the eternal principle that men are created by the Almighty with inalienable rights, might enjoy a good life together.

Men of conscience, men of decency, never let the lust for profit or power completely obscure the vision. By their courageous leadership, the community tirelessly worked out measures and plans to raise for all citizens the level of culture, the standard of living, the enjoyment of leisure. That is the telescoped story of Pittsburgh, as it is also of the nation. It is the story of freedom—and the accomplishments of a free people.

By contrast, regimented men, working in sullen silence, never knowing the turmoil of freedom or its hazards can never feel the stimulus of its rewards. Their masters, consequently, must ever increase the punishments visited on the laggard until, for the victim, there is little choice between death and revolt. Consequently, in terms of history, a dictatorship is a government of temporary duration and uneasy operation. It either stagnates or is overthrown.



FOUNDER'S DAY PLATFORM GROUP

Adolph W. Schmidt, Dwight D. Eisenhower, James M. Bovard, and David L. Lawrence (seated, left to right). Roy A. Hunt, Homer Saint-Gaudens, Augustus K. Oliver. The Rev. Hugh S. Clark also was on platform.

Because totalitarianism is a system of diminishing returns and increasing penalties that cannot match the achievements of a free system or even survive, once men know the fruits thereof, its policy must be to destroy freedom everywhere.

Our problem is to defend freedom against the announced purposes of Communistic fanatics, and to do this in such fashion that we do not, ourselves, suffocate freedom in its own dwelling place. What are the means to that end?

First and fundamental, is such rectitude and probity of purpose that not even the fogs of propaganda can obscure the sincerity and integrity of our aims. Our position in every matter of moment must be made clear to the world including ourselves. We have nothing to fear from the searching scrutiny of men, even the most critical. We can stand on our record and purposes, as again presented by the President Tuesday night.

Particularly we must not, as permanent policy, embrace a philosophy of force, and we must make certain that the world

understands our desire for peace. Always in the past America has armed herself only in crisis. Today we again face this necessity, but we must assure ourselves, and others, that we regard the circumstances of today as critical.

Even though the crisis should last a decade, our faith in peace based upon truth and friendship and decency has not diminished. Never will our sword become so big that it conceals the olive branch!

The second means for assuring our national security is such support for our allies that free Europe shall not become the spoil of pillaging hordes. The Atlantic Pact is recognition that the West must unite—if it is not to risk destruction. Paper plans cannot stop tanks. So the Pact must be translated into ground divisions, armor and planes and guns; and it must rest upon a restored morale of an entire region—the region where are the roots of the vast bulk of America's people.

What the exact contribution of the United States should be, in terms of men and arms, is a decision to be reached by

our Government, but certainly it cannot be a mere token or gesture.

Nevertheless, the large-scale permanent commitment of American troops to relatively fixed defensive positions outside the continental limits would be costly beyond the military return. The points where attack could conceivably fall are many. The key to efficient defense is alertness and reasonable strength in the outposts supported by highly mobile forces of adequate strength in the central reserves. This principle applies to global strategy as clearly as to a tactical battle on a narrow front. The daily cost of a defensive force multiplies and its combat efficiency shrinks with each mile that separates it from its source of supply and replacement. Each of the Atlantic Pact nations must capitalize on its particular capacity for exertion or endurance, with special reference to the emergency job that it will face at the moment of possible aggression. Our own job is production and the ability to move strong units and destructive power quickly over great distances.

We know that, in the final showdown, even those who seek world domination respect retaliatory power that can punish aggression—swiftly, grievously—at the source of aggression. Predatory force would scarcely hesitate when all it has to fear is a belated attempt at deliverance of captives. But even a reckless marauder would hesitate to venture forth when he knows that he risks being cut off in the midst of well-armed enemies and his own refuge destroyed behind him.

It is because of the great cost of such defensive arrangements and the uncertainties of time and space that some have suggested a plan called preventive war. Possibly my hatred of war blinds me so that I cannot comprehend the arguments they adduce. But, in my opinion, there is no such thing as a preventive war. Although this suggestion is repeatedly made, none has yet explained how war prevents war. Nor has anyone been able to explain away the fact that war begets conditions that beget further war. But it is true that the greatest deterrent to aggression is to confront those who plot it with an alert defensive force that can parry the first rush, while a crushing offensive is promptly initiated against the attacker.

The conclusion is inescapable that leadership for peace has, as its third requirement, the armed strength of America in the amount demanded by our position, our obligations, and our security. Another way to put it is: We Americans must realize that we cannot buy out, talk away, or ignore, the menace of totalitarian aggression. So long as it persists in its course, we must be ready to stop it. Our future—in duration and content—depends on our present willingness to work, to serve, to sacrifice, to subordinate our ease, our plans, our pleasure to the hard necessities of the country's safety and the world's freedom. This applies to every one of us—capitalist, worker, doctor, lawyer, farmer—every American!

It has been reported that our present purpose is to build an Armed Force of three million men. In these tense times such a figure seems to be entirely reasonable for a nation of 150 million people, the richest on earth, confronted with an array of enemies who have repeatedly ignored every proposal for mutual disarmament and who have, by every action through five years, shown their contempt for the weak and unready. Yet the maintenance of a force of this size in time of peace is not only a serious departure from our past policy, it poses problems of vital import.

So serious are the implications of the present and the foreseeable future that many men, representing a cross section of American opinion, have urged universal military service as the only method that will assure us an efficient force of three million men economically maintained. Numbers of liberal educators, conservative business men, hard-headed professional men have agreed that only some such system meets the problem of recruitment squarely, efficiently, and democratically.

They propose that each young man on reaching the age of eighteen be enrolled in one of the services for a period of not over two years, with no deferments and with every man assigned to the post he is best qualified, physically and mentally, to fill. This service will be performed as an obligation, not as another job in the American competitive economy. It will demand sacrifice. But can any sacrifice be considered too great, if it can guarantee a lifetime of freedom?



PART OF THE AUDIENCE OF FIVE THOUSAND AS GENERAL EISENHOWER WAS SPEAKING

On the other side of the coin, the least we would owe to these young men in advance is a clear understanding of our problem, aims, and plans, with the assurance that their sacrifice will cease the instant the necessity passes. In justice, also, post-service opportunities offered to the youth should include appropriate educational help and every compensation for disability that a warm-hearted country can support.

And during their service—should the proposal be enacted—we Americans would—and should—demand that their leaders be of high moral and intellectual stature and purpose. We must never tolerate in this country even a shadow of brutish militarism.

Youth does not interpret patriotism in terms of dollars. Unfortunately, many of us, as we grow older, are corrupted into their worship, and many see even in a crisis a chance to profit, to further selfish aims at the expense of the nation. Possibly, the only sacrifice or contribution many of us can make will be to pay our taxes. We

should do that gladly, to the last penny so that the inheritance of our children will not be a debt-ridden land.

While we could hope to avoid a temporary national deficit, if the times demand a sudden and tremendous increase in the budget for defense, reckless extravagance, selfish grabbing, heedless spending of dollars we do not possess, will make American citizenship in the future a mortgaged existence rather than a joyous privilege. If solvency and security are not synonymous, they are so closely related that the difference, if any, is scarcely discernible.

A vigorous devotion to freedom and democracy must underlie all else. Unless our courage, our sturdiness, and our comprehension are equal to the demands of our time, unless the complexities of our economy can with justice for all be managed without destruction of fundamental values that brought about the birth of this nation, then despair will be our portion. If we as individuals and as members of groups look on all other individual Americans

and American groups as fair prey for higher profits, higher wages, and higher prices, we shall end up by plundering each other as thoroughly as any invading enemy could—and only a little less viciously.

We are all in the same boat, whether we farm the soil, manage a steel mill or operate a cab; work in a metropolis or live in a village. There is enough for all of us—and for defense too—within the bounds of common sense and decency. But there is not room in all of America for one exploiter of crisis or piratical gouger of his fellowmen. In our circumstances, the exploiter and gouger differ little from traitors, for we face a conspiracy that can engulf the world. Vigilance, understanding, patriotism, stamina—these are the chief weapons in freedom's arsenal.

World Communism aims at world rule. One of its principal methods is the seizure of once free governments by minorities; tiny minorities that infiltrate free institutions and feed upon their own greed and lust for power. To prevent a whole electorate from being taken over by minorities, there is one sure prescription: every citizen a voter. In that light, every citizen who has failed to register so that he may vote in November or who, having registered, does not vote, is a silent supporter of the Communist aim.

The people who stay away from the polls actually vote for minority rule; and every state that has gone totalitarian—Communist, Fascist, Nazi—has been taken over by a minority—not by the total electorate. Furthermore, the man who does not vote has forfeited all right to complain about his government's policy in any field. He shirks his own responsibility and throws away the proud privilege of American citizenship.

In recent months, America's greatness in crisis has been demonstrated to all the world; by the magnificent achievement of American infantrymen holding the Korean beachhead against staggering odds; by a tremendous movement of men and arms across the Pacific in a convincing exhibition of American industrial and logistical strength; by the inspired and courageous leadership of General MacArthur who, in the integration of a United Nations force, here again brilliantly proved that men of many nations can work and can fight to-

gether; by the world response to the moral leadership of the United States, so overwhelming that it became clear that even our cynical opponents were impressed by the weight of world opinion.

Whether we now continue forward or lag behind and wither away is up to us and to the individual American—at his work, in his home, as a member of community and nation. There are 150 million of us, but each one of us is the critical key to the future.

America is as strong as the average of her individual citizens. Her future will be free and prosperous if all of us regard and perform our civic duties as a priceless privilege and guard our rights as we would our lives.

But if those rights are lightly regarded and those duties become for the majority a dreary chore, to be evaded on any trifling issues, how can we condemn a system that acknowledges no individual rights and defines duty in terms of unequivocal and brutal orders?

Slaves or free men, masters of ourselves or servants of an all-powerful state?

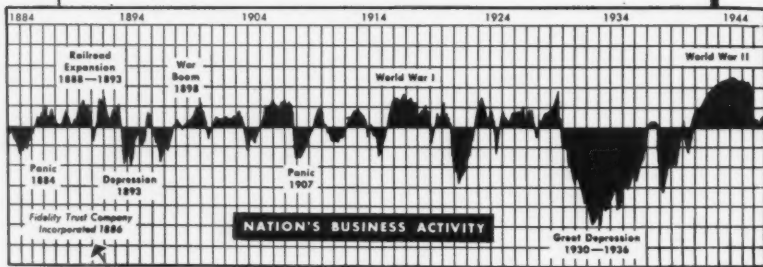
The right answer has been given us by the founders, the builders of Pittsburgh, and by their contemporaries who with them converted this country from a wilderness into the mighty product of human progress that it is today. If we never fail to match their vision, their readiness to risk their valor and their tireless energy, America need not fear any threat from within or without. And we shall pass on to those still to come a nation that fairly champions decency and justice and is humbly grateful to the God of your fathers and of ourselves.

CARNEGIE INSTITUTE SOCIETY

MEMBERSHIP FEES

ANNUAL ASSOCIATE MEMBER	\$10
ANNUAL JUNIOR MEMBER	\$5
ANNUAL SUPPORTING MEMBER	\$15
ANNUAL CONTRIBUTING MEMBER	\$25-100
ANNUAL SUSTAINING MEMBER	\$100-1,000
ANNUAL SPONSOR	\$1,000-5,000

THROUGH BOOM, WAR AND PANIC



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Brother and Sister

A PAINTING BY
DOD PROCTER

painting as in so many of Dod Procter's canvases. The scene is probably Cornwall, and the models were local children, now of course grown up. The figures are nicely placed and dominate the canvas, while the venerable buildings—thatched houses and barns—and ancient fields in the background contrast strangely with the youths.

Dod Procter, who now lives at Newlyn, Penzance, began her art studies at the age of fifteen. She was a pupil of Stanhope Forbes in Cornwall. While there she married a fellow student, Ernest Procter, an English artist, whose untimely death occurred in 1935. After their marriage she and Mr. Procter went to Paris, where they studied for a time and then, returning to England, they opened an art school at Newlyn in conjunction with Harold Harvey. In 1921 Mr. and Mrs. Procter accepted the invitation of the Honorable Ling Ching Tsong to decorate the Kokine Palace in Rangoon, Burma. In this work they were assisted by a group of Burmese, Chinese, and Indian artists and craftsmen. They had large surfaces with which to deal, and the experience had a marked effect on their work.

Mrs. Procter's first important success in England came in 1925, when her painting *The Model* appeared in the Royal Academy exhibition for that year. The following year a study of a sleeping girl entitled *Morning* was entered in the same exhibition and was instantly saluted by the public. It was purchased by the *Daily Mail* and presented to the nation. Mrs. Procter was made an associate of the Royal Academy in 1934 and a member in 1942. She is now represented by three canvases in the Tate Gallery and in many other British museums.

Dod Procter has shown in the Internationals since 1924, and in the 1950 Pittsburgh International she has the painting *Boy and Fruit*. In the 1926 show her canvas *Back Bedroom* won Honorable Mention, and in 1928 her *Portrait of a Girl* was given First Honorable Mention. Late in 1936 the Carnegie Institute presented the first one-man exhibition of Dod Procter in the United States.

—J. O'C., Jr.

THE painting *Brother and Sister* by Dod Procter has been presented to Carnegie Institute by Walter May, Jr. in memory of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. May. Walter A. May, citizen of Pittsburgh, patron of the arts, philanthropist, and president of the May Drug Company, in 1925 presented the painting *Motherhood* by Anto Carte to the Institute. He died in 1943 and Mrs. May, this year.

Brother and Sister is oil on canvas and is 24 inches in width by 30 in height. It is signed in the lower left "Dod Procter." It is not dated but is known to have been painted in 1923. It was first shown in the 1924 International and was the initial appearance of Dod Procter in Pittsburgh. It was acclaimed as a distinct and unusual contribution to the English section of the show. Walter May purchased it from the International, and it hung in the May residence until the death of Mrs. May.

The painting has three figures in it—that is, if one counts the cat in the lap of the boy, whose pensive sister is beside him. The boy and girl, both with bobbed hair, are seated on what appears to be a ledge high above an English village. The cultivated fields in the distance appear as if seen from an airplane. The colors are blue, green, gray, and black, with variations of each. There is quietude and repose in this

That You May See for Yourself—

PEOPLE IN PICTURES

INCIDENTALLY INTRODUCING A NEW CIVIC ASSET
THE PITTSBURGH PHOTOGRAPHIC LIBRARY

Go with the visiting nurse to the homes where illness strikes. Go to a score of Community Chest agencies and see for yourself the people in need, the lame, the crippled, the blind who are cared for. Visit the playgrounds and scout troops and watch the faces of the children, then speculate a bit as to the lives of these children if there were no such facilities. Listen in, discreetly, at the foundling home, the family counselor's desk, the guidance center. Go

No, you haven't the time. And if a million and a half Allegheny County people dropped in, the agencies would be clogged with visitors and the sacred privacy of tens of thousands would be violated.

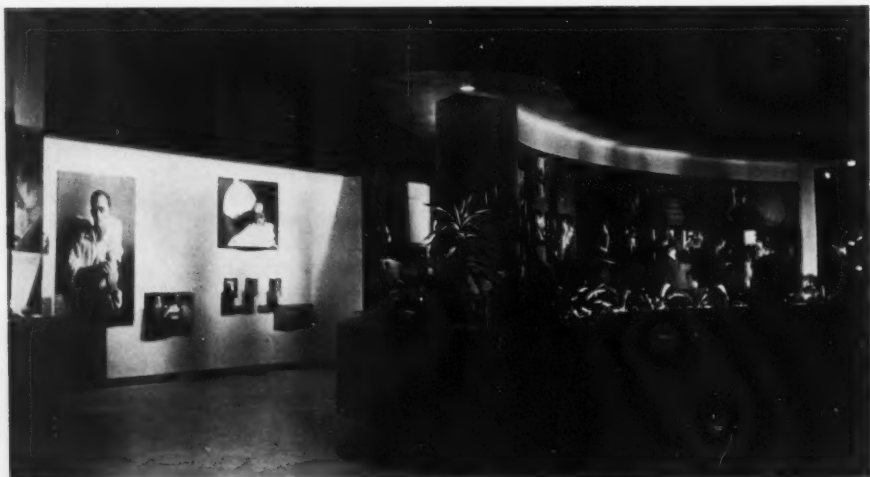
Yet if you could see, could know and understand the work that is done, the Chest would have no trouble making its goal. You, and every other citizen, would give naturally, generously, as you would help a neighbor in need.

In order that you may see, *People in Pictures* is currently presented at Carnegie

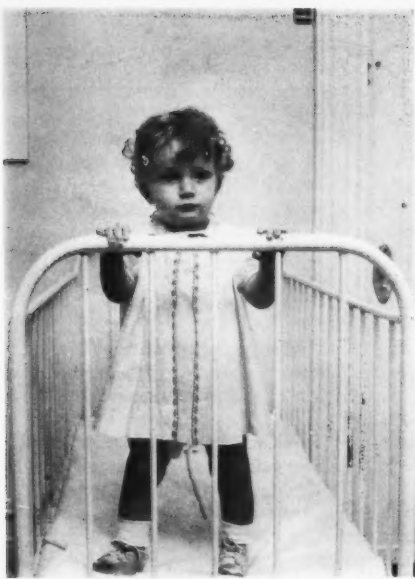
Museum. The camera has made these visits for you and has told the Red Feather story with understanding and accuracy. This is not carefully posed sales photography. It is straight reporting. These are the people your dollars are helping, as you would see them if you could pay them a visit.

No agency is mentioned by name. It is the problem and its solution that are kept in focus. The object is for you to see and understand. "When you see and understand for yourself," says George Craig, the president of the 1950 Community Chest, "we know that you will give." But there is no solicitation at the Museum. There is merely an effort to show you, concretely, how your money is put to work by each great group of Chest agencies—health, welfare, recreation, and group work.

Last spring the Community Chest asked Carnegie Museum to develop this show, to apply skilled museum techniques to telling the Chest story. Carnegie Institute authorities accepted the project as a major contribution to community understanding,



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE RED FEATHER EXHIBIT AT THE MUSEUM



Pittsburgh Photographic Library

"NICKY" IS AWAITING YOUR VISIT

for they see the Museum as the proper center for civic presentations which will benefit all.

People in Pictures was designed by James W. Lindsay, of the Carnegie Museum staff, who directed its installation. It will continue until April 1951 and will be visited by students and teachers of the Pittsburgh and Allegheny County schools as an educational resource in civics and sociology. The exhibit and Carnegie Museum's part in it have already attracted attention from many other cities as a contribution to health and welfare education and as a demonstration of a Museum's potential service to a community.

People in Pictures introduces the Pittsburgh Photographic Library of the University of Pittsburgh to Allegheny County. The Photographic Library was established this summer to begin just such a careful documentation of the civic life and progress of this area. Funds for a series of projects to be undertaken during the first three years came from the Allegheny Conference on Community Development, Edgar J. Kaufmann, and The A. W. Mellon Educational and Charitable Trust.

To broaden the usefulness of the Photo-

graphic Library, the University of Pittsburgh has established an advisory Program and Policy Committee consisting of H. E. Longenecker as chairman, Philip S. Broughton, Stanton C. Crawford, Edgar J. Kaufmann, Park H. Martin, Wallace Richards, A. L. Robinson, Agnes L. Starrett, and Roy Stryker.

Mr. Stryker, director of the Photographic Library, has for the past seven years directed the Standard Oil Company's (N. J.) "great photographic experiment," as *U. S. Camera Magazine* called it. This was not merely industrial photography, but an interpretation of the lives of people in oil and the lives of communities touched by oil. Earlier Mr. Stryker was with the federal government, where he developed the photographic programs for the Farm Security Administration and the Office of War Information. He acts as director, organizer, editor, and interpreter. Many companies have called upon him as consultant to vitalize their photographic programs. Stryker-trained men hold key positions on *Life*, *Look*, and the major photographic services of the nation.

"Imagine," comments Chancellor Rufus Fitzgerald, "the tremendous cultural and historical contribution that might have been made had it been possible for the University to document the life of this area in 1800 or 1850 in the way this project can tell its story today."

"Currently Pittsburgh is undertaking pioneering developments in civic planning. This project can contribute greatly to citizens' understanding of the problems and acceptance of professionally competent solutions. We are glad to make resources of the University available for this purpose."

"Pittsburgh is the world's greatest industrial community and as such it affords unequalled opportunities to visualize the American Way in action."

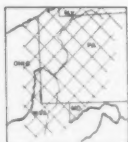
Art and Nature Shop

FOR A MERRY CHRISTMAS:

Candles	Calendars	Socks
Cones	Cards	Santas
Reindeer	Wrappings	

INJUN SUMMER

By WILLIAM J. MAYER-OAKES



ARCHEOLOGICAL field work by the Section of Man, made possible by a grant from the Sarah Mellon Scaife Foundation, began on Thursday afternoon, June 15, with the arrival of the long-awaited Chevrolet Carryall station wagon. Less than six hours later site CM36Wh1 had been located in the field, plotted on a topographic map, recorded, and a sample collection of surface materials added to the Carnegie Museum collections.

The cryptic titles given to sites located by archeological field parties are shorthand objective fashions of referring to specific places. "CM" indicates that the designation was given by Carnegie Museum; "36" indicates the state, Pennsylvania being the thirty-sixth state in an alphabetical listing of the forty-eight; "Wh" is the symbol for Washington county agreed upon by professional archeologists working in Pennsylvania; "1" indicates that this is the first site located in Washington county by Carnegie Museum. This ordered mixture of letters and numbers replaces such picturesque and changeable terms as "Fodderhouse Ridge site" or "The Old Horner Place."

Many more sites have been recorded since CM36Wh1. At the end of September the files of the field party show 120 sites in 16 counties actually checked in the field. Five of these have been tested with preliminary excavations or "soundings." Numbers of sites, of course, can say nothing of the value or importance of the work done so far. Analysis of the materials gathered in the field is only beginning, but preliminary observations indicate several important, if tentative, facts.

Sites pertaining to each of the main horizons of eastern United States archeology have been recognized. The generally accepted chronological framework for this region is:

Historic Indian—1600 A.D. to present;
Late Woodland—1300 to 1600 A.D.; Middle

Woodland—900 to 1300 A.D.; Early Woodland—500 to 900 A.D.; Archaic—5000 B.C. to 500 A.D.; Paleo-Indian—20,000 to 5000 B.C.

No detailed evidence for the Paleo-Indian horizon has yet been found in eastern United States. Indications so far are the occurrence of large "fluted" spear points similar to points found in the western plains, where they are in geological and paleontological contexts that indicate an age of 15,000 to 20,000 years. Five points of this type have been recorded from the upper Ohio valley area—two each from Westmoreland County and Greene County, Pennsylvania, and one from Hancock County, West Virginia. In each case these finds probably represent "strays," since they are unique to the site where found. The mere fact of their existence in this region is important, however, since previous record of them is slight.

The Archaic, or pre-pottery horizon, also covers a long span of time but is known in some detail from New York and eastern Pennsylvania, where the period has been subdivided. So far the field party has recognized a dozen sites that probably represent this time period. Most of the sites are small camp sites of nomadic hunters showing no evidence of pottery or agriculture. Several sites, however, promise to be fairly intensive occupations of people living on the river bank and depending for subsistence upon shellfish gathered from the nearby shoals.

The Early Woodland horizon is marked by the introduction of the traits of burial-mound building and pottery making. A site in Beaver County, CM36Bv5, has produced pottery of a type similar to Early Woodland pottery excavated in New York state. This site probably represents an Early Woodland village and may well be very important in the delineation of this horizon in the Upper Ohio valley. A small cave site in Garrett County, Maryland, has produced pottery of Early Woodland type stratified beneath tools and pottery known to represent the late prehistoric time period.

This site is very important since it contains these two cultures in a stratified sequence. It confirms, for this area, the relative dating which has been established in other sections of the eastern United States. Although work in West Virginia has just started, seven burial mounds have been located. These probably are the work of the earliest pottery-making people in the area.

The Middle Woodland horizon is known in Ohio and New York as the period of florescence in burial-mound building. Certain indications of this time level are known from northwestern Pennsylvania. This is a logical locale, since there is a possible connection between Ohio and New York Middle Woodland cultures via the Allegheny River. In July, John R. Simpson, David Van Buskirk, and the writer spent several days working at a Middle Woodland mound excavation in Warren County, Pennsylvania. The excavations were being conducted by A. K. Guthe of the Rochester, New York, Museum of Arts and Sciences. A site composed of a series of stone mounds has been located in Garrett County, Maryland. This site may relate to the Middle Woodland horizon.

The Late Woodland horizon is best known from southwestern Pennsylvania. Stockaded villages, usually situated on hilltops, have been excavated by W.P.A. projects. This type of site is perhaps the best known and most prominent in south-

western Pennsylvania. We have visited several of these, examined local collections, and are making use of unpublished manuscripts dealing with this horizon. Several sites of this horizon have been located in West Virginia. All appear to be rather directly related to the well-known Fort Ancient culture from Ohio. Since these West Virginia sites are also rather similar to the W.P.A.-excavated sites, they may provide the connecting link between the Pennsylvania and Ohio variants of this Late Woodland horizon.

It has been said that no archeological sites of the Historic or "European Contact" period have been historically documented and located in western Pennsylvania. Preliminary examination of three sites this summer indicates that they may be such sites. Archeological materials characteristic of the Historic period have been found on sites alleged to be former Delaware villages. Tracking down of records such as diaries and deeds is now in progress, and it is hoped that strong historical evidence can be found to substantiate these traditions.

High points of the summer work were:

1. A ten-day trip through Ohio, Kentucky, and West Virginia, the purpose of which was to visit various well-known archeological sites and museums. In addition, we observed current excavations being carried on in Ohio by the Ohio State Museum, and in Kentucky by the University of Kentucky.

2. A month of intensive survey of Greene, Washington, and Fayette Counties in Pennsylvania. During the month of August the field party, consisting of John R. Simpson, David Van Buskirk, John W. Oliver, the writer, and his wife, were guests of Waynesburg College. Here the party was provided dormitory accommodations, laboratory space and excellent cooperation, for all of which we are very grateful.

3. Two weeks in Gar-



HAVE YOU SEEN THESE BURIED-TREASURE HUNTERS AROUND YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD? MR. MAYER-OAKES IS AT THE RIGHT.

ROBERT E. DOHERTY

A tribute to Dr. Doherty's career and attainments was published during his lifetime, in the June issue of CARNEGIE MAGAZINE. This has been written by Elliott Dunlap Smith, provost at Carnegie Tech.



ROBERT ERNEST DOHERTY, president of Carnegie Institute of Technology from 1936 until June 30, 1950, died suddenly on the afternoon of Thursday, October 19, 1950. He was sixty-five years old.

During his fourteen years as president of Carnegie Institute of Technology, he made a high and lasting mark in the world of professional scholarship and education. As he did this, he won the admiration and the love of those who worked with him because, in addition to his creative vision and administrative genius, they found unflinching in him these characteristics: a true sense of values and undeviating purity of purpose in pursuing Carnegie's educational and scholarly ob-

jectives; integrity and justice so unflinching and so wise that it caused those who worked closely with him not only to believe in him but to have renewed faith in each other; intellectual distinction and appreciation of artistic and scholarly values so great that all members of his faculty, regardless of their field, in their contacts with him knew that they were dealing with an intellect capable of understanding and appreciating their highest aims and endeavors; and respect for individuality, even in the common pursuit of his well-defined aims. To these qualities of greatness of mind and of heart were united the endearing ones of humility of spirit and gentle, deep-feeling kindness.

Yet what stands out above all else is this: that to work with him in facing a difficult problem was not merely to get help in facing that problem, but in facing the deeper problems of life. Working with him was not merely an illuminating experience, it was always an ennobling one.

rett County, Maryland, as guests of F. R. Corliss and his son. F. R. Corliss, Jr., has studied the area near Deep Creek Lake and was most helpful to us in our survey.

4. One week in the northern panhandle of West Virginia working with E. W. Fetzer, of Weirton. Mr. Fetzer has conducted private survey and excavation work in this area for a number of years and provided us with excellent information and gracious hospitality. The field party has received very fine co-operation from numerous other individuals. A large share of the credit for our success to date rests in this.

Field work for the year is not yet complete. Plans for October and November include a survey, in conjunction with Ralph Solecki, of the Smithsonian Institution, of land to be flooded by dams on the Cone-maugh River and the East branch of the Clarion. Also on the schedule is a survey of northern West Virginia in co-operation with the West Virginia Archeological So-

ciety. The field personnel will also attend several professional conferences and the writer will present a report on field work to the annual meeting of the Eastern States Archeological Federation. The major part of the winter months will be spent in analysis of materials gathered in the field and preparation of scientific reports.

Mr. Mayer-Oakes, who joined the Museum staff last spring and is conducting the new archeological project under James L. Swauger, has had considerable experience "digging." Summer before last he was supervisor of the University of Chicago excavations at Starved Rock in northern Illinois, where the remains of the earliest Indian group known from that state were uncovered. This field work followed laboratory analysis of finds he and the same group had made in 1947 in the section, which Mr. Mayer-Oakes then wrote up as the thesis for his master's degree from the University.

The summer of 1948 he spent excavating for the Smithsonian Institution in eastern Oklahoma.

Mr. Mayer-Oakes was in the Army Air Force from 1943-46 as training command and bomber pilot, and still enjoys flying in his spare time.

From Our
PERMANENT COLLECTION

BRIDGE AT GREZ

By Sir John Lavery
(1856-1941)



IT is an appropriate time—during the 1950 Pittsburgh International—to discuss one of the paintings which was in the first Exhibition and is now in the permanent collection of Carnegie Institute.

The painting is *Bridge at Grez* by John Lavery. This canvas, as well as *Lady in Brown* by Lavery, was in the First International in 1896. The latter was awarded the Medal of the First Class, which meant First Prize. The former canvas was purchased out of the exhibition by the trustees and was the sixth painting acquired by the Institute in its first year.

Sir John Lavery writes of this picture in his autobiography, *The Life of a Painter*: "The bridge at Grez was a favorite subject. I should think every painter who went to Grez introduced it in some shape or form. I did it on at least ten occasions. One that caused a good deal of talk was purchased by the trustees of the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh, and Lavery's *Bridge at Grez* became known in America. Years later an American dealer, wishing to pay me a compliment and at the same time show himself familiar with my work, said, 'I think, sir, you are perhaps the best-known British painter whose work has reached the States. There sure is no picture more talked about than the beautiful Irish girl's portrait, *Bridget Gray*.'"

The painting is oil on canvas, long and narrow, being 72 inches in width by 30

in height. It is signed in the lower right, "J. Lavery, 1893."

It was painted where: "My happiest days in France were passed in the colony outside Paris at Grez-sur-Loing, an inexpensive and delightful place sheltering not only painters but an occasional writer—Robert Louis Stevenson had just left when I arrived—or musician."

The scene of the painting is on the river near the famous stone-buttressed bridge. In the left foreground is a man in a long scull, dressed for the occasion in a striped jersey and cap. For the moment he seems to be resting, though the artist in his last years gave the subtitle *A Passing Salute* to the picture. It may be that the boatman's arm is raised to greet the two ladies in a skiff to his right or the two figures on the bridge. It is interesting to note how the scull and the skiff, placed parallel to one another, take up the width of the canvas. Then the eye is directed to the bridge with two men on it, one seated on the stone ledge with his legs thrown over the side and the other leaning over it. The canvas is fairly dark, but there are brilliant spots of color in it, particularly the Japanese parasol that shades one of the women in the skiff and is reflected in the water. This one spot seems to give life to the big canvas. The background, which is the bank of the river, is wooded by dark green trees which keep the sunlight from overwhelming the whole scene, except in the open space near

the bridge at right of center.

When I began to write these notes, it occurred to me that it would be instructive, if possible, to secure a photograph of the scene of Lavery's painting. I enlisted the aid of Guillaume Lerolle, the European representative of this Department and the son of the late Henri Lerolle, a distinguished French artist. Here is his report, and one of the photographs he took is reproduced on this page:

"There are several Grez and several Gretz, some of which are quite a distance from Paris. From information I got at the post office, there is a Grez-sur-Loing about six miles south of Fontainebleau and about forty-five miles south of Paris. What made me think this was the right Grez was that the river Loing is quite a place for holiday-makers and boating. As it is about sixty miles from where I am in the country, I took my daughter's camera and went to Grez-sur-Loing. It is a small village on a road parallel to the river. A byroad starts from the center of the village at right angles toward the bridge. At the corner of that road is an inn (where I had lunch), the gardens of which slope down to the river, with a small terrace overlooking the Loing, and it is from that very spot that Lavery painted the picture.

"I found a young Englishman and another artist painting away, working on the same scene from various angles. It was rather cold, and there were no boats on the river. I took several snapshots of the bridge, and I saw the bushes on the riverbank, but the middle span of the bridge was blown up during the last war. A wooden gangway has been built in its place. The piles are in their proper place, the bridge, the river, the bushes by the piles, and the whole landscape are very much what they were when Lavery painted the picture, and I have no doubt that on a fine summer Sunday, grandchildren of the boatman could be seen boating at the same place."

Then just when Guillaume Lerolle's snapshots came, my attention was called to the painting *Grez-sur-Loing, Bridge*

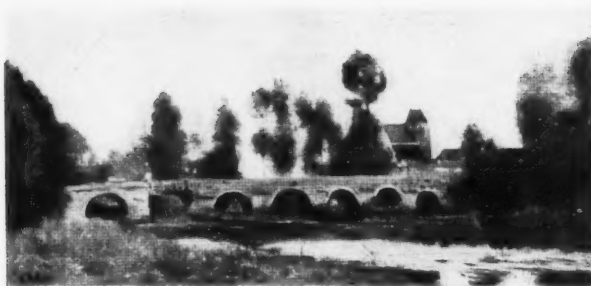
and *Church* by Jean-Baptiste-Camille Corot (1796-1875). It is owned by the Currier Gallery of Art and was painted between 1850 and 1860. This scene was done across the river from the spot where Lavery painted his version. That the church in the Corot is still standing may be verified by one of the snapshots which Guillaume Lerolle sent me. It shows the same church at the foot of the main street of Grez. There is at least one hundred years for you in the life of a small French village! And the bridge at Grez still stands, though damaged by the ravages of war, and the Loing flows ever so gently under its spans.

John Lavery, who painted the *Bridge at Grez*, was born in Belfast, Ireland, in 1856. Of the exact day he wrote: "For my birthday, to save explanation when asked, I chose St. Patrick's Day as being, for an Irishman, easy to remember." His parents died when he was very young, and he was sent to live with relatives in Scotland. When he was about twenty-one, he met Alexander Roche, and they went to Paris together to study—Lavery under Boulangier, and his friend under Lefebvre. When they returned to Scotland some years later they associated themselves with such artists as Sir James Guthrie, E. A. Walton, D. Y. Cameron, and others. These men broke with the old tradition of painting in Scotland and made themselves famous as the "Glasgow School."

Lavery first came into prominence in 1888 when, on the occasion of Queen Victoria's visit to Glasgow, he was com-



THE BRIDGE AT GREZ, 1950
Photograph by Guillaume Lerolle



GREZ-SUR-LOING: BRIDGE AND CHURCH

BY JEAN-BAPTISTE-CAMILLE COROT

The Currier Gallery of Art, Manchester, New Hampshire

missioned to paint the ceremonial event. Two years were consumed in finishing the canvas, and it was presented to the art gallery of Glasgow in 1891. From 1896 on, Lavery made his home in London. Shortly after his arrival there he met Whistler. They organized the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers, with Whistler as president and Lavery as vice president. In reality Lavery was head as Whistler was absent most of the time.

It is fitting in this year of the 1950 Pittsburgh International to quote Sir John on his first trip to the United States as given in *The Life of a Painter*.

"My first visit to America was in 1898, when I sat on the jury of awards at the Carnegie Art Institute in Pittsburgh. Three thousand dollars were awarded in prizes between Dwight W. Tryon, Childe Hassam, and Alexander Roche, while E. A. Walton and John F. Weir received Honorable Mention. A new world of artists is working with us today, with whose work I am unfamiliar.

"For over thirty years Pittsburgh, owing to the munificence of the late Mr. Carnegie, has gathered together the best annual collection of contemporary art that an international jury with unlimited means at its disposal could select. This was—and is—sent on loan all over the States, even to New York itself. The result has been that every city of importance has its public gallery where the works of European artists may be seen. By inviting artists of European fame to send to America free of all cost examples of their best work; by making rewards of a monetary value never before attempted in any country; by the purchase of works on a

scale that is both just and generous, Pittsburgh has rendered an inestimable service to both painters and public. The man at the head of all this is Homer Saint-Gaudens, to whom America is indebted for that rare combination, an instinct for what is finest in art and an organizing ability unsurpassed."

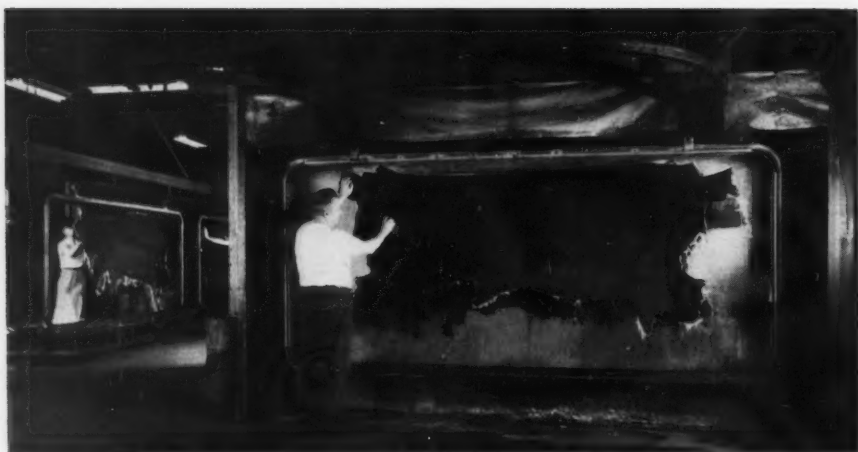
In addition to the *Bridge at Grez*, Carnegie Institute purchased *The Convalescent* by the artist from the 1922 International. There is a self-portrait of Sir John in the mirror in this picture. His favorite model—his beautiful wife—is the convalescent, and it is one of his celebrated interiors.

Lavery was made an associate of the Royal Academy in 1911 and a member of the Academy in 1921. He was knighted in 1918. As was indicated, he was a member of the jury for the 1898 International at Carnegie Institute. In the 1912 exhibition there was a gallery devoted to 36 of his paintings, including the one he did of the state visit of Queen Victoria to Glasgow. In 1926 the Institute presented a one-man show of portraits, interiors, and landscapes by Sir John. There were 49 canvases in the exhibition, among them portraits of Lord Carson, Rodin, and George Bernard Shaw, his fellow countryman who was born on the same day in Dublin as Sir John was in Belfast. Lavery's last visit to America was in 1937 and 1938. At the end of his stay he wrote, pathetically, "I had built my house upon sand." He went to live on the Old Sod with his beloved step-daughter, Mrs. John McEnery, and died in her home in County Kilkenny on January 10, 1941. He went to join one more of his famous fellow countrymen, to whom, after seeing his portrait of Rosie Boote, he wrote a letter of congratulation, saying that there was only one flaw—that the signature was "Orpen" and not "Lavery."

—J. O'C., Jr.

ART TOURS

Has your club yet made arrangements for a conducted tour of the 1950 Pittsburgh International Art Exhibit? Call the Institute for a date.



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NEW DEVICES AT THE LIBRARY

By MARK CRUM



It has been a common saying in recent years that our knowledge of pure and applied science greatly exceeds our wisdom in putting it to use for the benefit of society. Technicians are able to do miraculous

things with drugs, aerial-mapping, or dry-ice pellets. But we continue to have poor distribution and utilization of the world's goods. Obviously, the library can make little direct use of a jet engine or an electronic calculator, yet there have been a couple of developments in the field of photographic reproduction and publication that alert librarians have been quick to adapt to direct library use in making man's written heritage available to succeeding generations—that is, microfilm and the newer microcards.

Some problems of increasing concern to librarians have been these: space, preservation, and replacement. With books being published at the rate of 10,892 titles a year in this country alone, libraries, many of which are occupying buildings designed and constructed near the turn of the century, have been increasingly pressed for space in which to shelve books. The papers used for printing, particularly newsprint of the past fifty years, have yellowed and become extremely brittle. Even the most careful use results in broken edges and corners. The third problem is the replacement of worn-out copies of basic books which are out of print. Often the best work on a subject cannot be replaced because the market for its sale is not great enough to encourage a publisher to reprint.

During the war microfilm was developed for v-mail and was also used by the scientific record photographing teams which were sent to Europe. At present it is considered a common medium in many public, government, and business libraries.

Microfilm is wound on a 35 m.m. spool less than 4 inches in diameter. It looks like movie film, except that there are no sprocket holes along the edge. Each exposure or

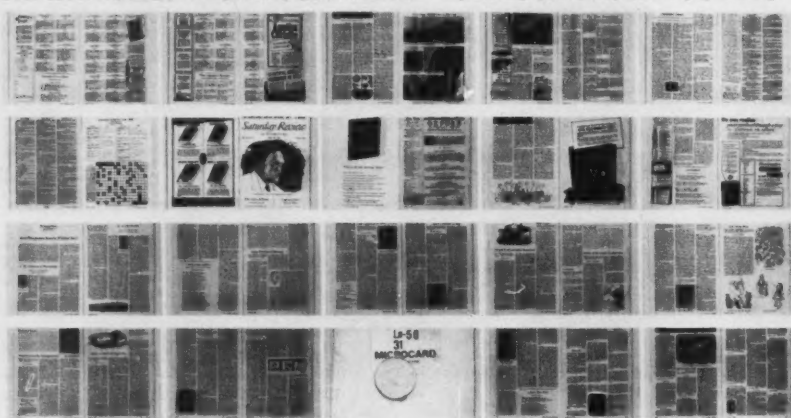
frame may contain the reduction of a page as small as that of a book or as large as that of a newspaper. There are about 650 exposures on one roll of film, which is equivalent to the issues of the *New York Times* for 10 days. Materials on microfilm require as little as 2 per cent of the space required for printed books and newspapers.

The negative or master films are kept in storage against possible loss or damage to the positive copy. It is a simple and inexpensive job to make additional positive films from the negatives. Thus, the space and preservation problems of the library are lessened. Long searches may be made through microfilmed newspaper files without any loss to future scholars. Rare and fragile editions may be scanned on the microfilm reader without any harm to the original. And through exchange or purchase, even small libraries may have copies of rare and out-of-print book treasures that they would never otherwise be able to buy.

At the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh the microfilms and reading machines are kept in a room adjacent to the Periodical Room. Requests for their use are made to the librarian on duty by a regular call slip showing the title and dates of the newspapers wanted. Films are taken out of file for the patron, and he is shown how to mount the reels, how to focus, how to use the fast and slow turning cranks, how to operate a clutch release which enlarges the image, and how to move the enlarged image about on the screen until the portion which he wants is centered. He reads the reproduction on a slanted translucent glass screen at eye level. The entire operation is so simple that the librarian need demonstrate only once before leaving the reader alone.

Readers usually make pencil notes as

Mr. Crum became administrative assistant at the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh two years ago, upon his graduation from Carnegie Library School. A graduate of the University of Pittsburgh in 1943, he served with the coast artillery for three years.



MICROCARD (ACTUAL SIZE) FROM THE FILES OF CARNEGIE LIBRARY OF PITTSBURGH

they go along. If they wish to obtain actual copies of the material, they may take advantage of the Library's nonprofit photostat and microfilm service. Within a day a full-sized reproduction of the original can be made available at cost.

Two unusual and very interesting items which the Library has on microfilm are Bach's complete works in twelve reels and two reels of 1850 census records recently donated by the Pittsburgh chapter of the D.A.R. Other than these, the Library's microfilm holdings consist mainly of newspapers. Current issues of the *New York Times*, *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, and *Pittsburgh Press* are being received. In 1949 the Library had some predecessors of the *Post-Gazette* microfilmed from the merger date of the *Post* and *Gazette Times* in August 1927, back through the issues of the *Gazette*, *Commercial Gazette*, and *Daily Gazette*, to August 1786.

This year the Library will transfer to microfilm its rapidly deteriorating files of the *Pittsburgh Leader*. The job is being done in the basement of the building by the Microfilm Corporation of Pennsylvania. As the work progresses, bound volumes are taken from the shelves to the bindery. There each volume is removed from its cover and put through the paper-cutter, where the binding is trimmed off. The stack of loose sheets is put back into the

cover and the volume taken to the microfilm room. There an operator lifts each page to a table, presses a foot lever which operates a camera mounted over the table, carefully turns over the page, photographs the other side, then repeats the process for the next page. A skilled operator makes about four thousand exposures a day, about two months of newspapers.

A newer development is microcards. Whereas microfilm has been described as a method of reproduction, the microcard is essentially a new method publication. Created in the mind of Fremont Rider, librarian of Wesleyan University Library, in 1944, the revolutionary idea of printing books in reduced size on 3 x 5 cards at the rate of 30 to 200 pages per card has taken concrete form with the issuance of the first microcards in January 1949. Many people prefer the feel of the actual volume in their hands to the substitution of shiny cards with tiny dark squares of printed text. Yet the advantages of microcards command recognition. Why continue to pay for the regular edition of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, for example, pay for having it catalogued and bound, and then pay again for replacing it when use and paper deterioration have rendered it unreadable, if you can buy each issue on two small inexpensive cards? Why not have rare and out-of-print editions published

inexpensively on microcards for general sale to any and all libraries?

That is just what Mr. Rider has been proposing for the past five years, and his proposals have recently become reality at the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh with the addition of our first Micro Library Reader and our first periodical subscription on microcards. Mr. Rider visualizes a time in the near future when microcard readers will be as common as typewriters—standard equipment for every institution, business, and scholar. Browsing collections will still exist where book lovers may read for pleasure with the physical book in hand. But many items, in fact most items that are now thought of as reference works, periodicals and books, will be available only on cards. They will be kept in file drawers rather than on shelves, and either will be used in the Library or borrowed for home use by those who have portable viewers.

A Micro Library Reader looks somewhat like a utility-type, table-size television set. That is, it has a screen about 12 inches across and a control knob for positioning the card on a horizontal panel

below the screen. The panel is lifted, the card is slipped into a holder, and the panel lowered into place. The image immediately appears on the screen with very little focusing required. Pushing the control knob toward the front or back of the machines positions the card vertically. Turning the same knob to the left or right positions the card horizontally. Pushing the knob all the way back and turning it all the way to the right positions the card so that the upper-left hand corner of the card, containing the title page of the volume, is on the screen. A slight twist of the knob brings page number two to the screen.

Microcards, first presented in theory in 1944, have been a reality in libraries for about one year. Microfilms, a little earlier in their development, have been in use for several years. These are two examples which may be added to phonograph records and films on the list of newer educational methods which the public library has adapted for its use.

The library, too, has its ways of keeping abreast of the times. In the future, whole libraries may be stored in one room and complete books carried home on a card.



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her husband's
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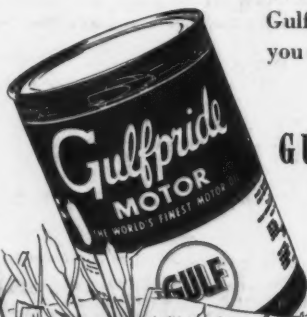
When the birds fly south—



It's time to make this change



When the seasons change, that's the time for you to change the motor oil in your car's crankcase to fresh oil of the correct seasonal grade. As millions of car owners have learned, there is no finer oil to change to than Gulfpride, "The World's Finest . . ." And when you make that change, may we suggest that you take advantage of your Gulf dealer's crankcase cleaning service *first*. It's the right way to start any season's driving because it assures your fresh Gulfpride staying *cleaner, longer*—giving you its full measure of engine protection.



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